

Vocal

22. A Field Of Flowers

SUSAN: "Oh, poor, brave lion." (After children emerge from hiding and cross to Aslan)

Soberly $\text{♩} = 132$

Rubato $\text{♩} = 96$

1 8 9 6 15 16 17

SUSAN: "You go. We'll stay here with him." 15

SUSAN: *mp* **START**

Voice I

Lit-tle sis-ter no more tears though the

Evenly - a bit faster $\text{♩} = 100$

18 19 20 21 22 *rit.*

night is long and dark, still the dawn ap-pears dear-est Lu-cy, dry your eyes. Yes, the dawn is cold and gray,

LUCY: (spoken) "I feel like the sun never will rise again."

Tenderly $\text{♩} = 112$

23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

(repeat as needed)

but the sun will rise

LUCY: "No! Not to a graveyard."

$\text{♩} = 100$

31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40

rit. LUCY: *p*

Lay him in a field of flow-ers, let

41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51

sage and clo-ver be - come his bed Lay him in a field of flow-ers, put sprays of li - lac be - neath his

52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60

mp LUCY & SUSAN:

head the wil - low will weep the swal - low will call the wind in the trees will mourn his fall still

61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70

cresc... *mf* *p* 2

spring will fill the fields with flow-ers with li - lacs and li - lies and all.

END ←

Slower A Capella -
with great reverence

72 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82

rit. (LUCY & SUSAN SING SOPRANO)

Bear him as a fall - en he - ro with sol - emn hon - or - and dig - ni - ty. But

ALL: